

NEW JERSEY'S MONTE CARLO IN FULL SWING

A Day at the Court of King McDonough on the Shores of Weehawken.

Corner of the State Where Law Is Laughed at and Public Officials Are Blind to Duty.

WORDS AND DEEDS OF THE MONARCH.

McDonough Writes His Daily Profits in Four Figures—Though Many Are Fleeced He Occasionally Advises a Player to Quit.

Don't go to Monte Carlo to get rid of your surplus bank notes. Go to Weehawken.

Take one of the boats at the foot of West Forty-second street and cross the river. Just across the road from the landing you will find the Hoffman House, the side of which there are quite a number of gentlemen who will pluck you with neatness and dispatch. You can get any kind of a game you choose to call for. You can derive just as much excitement at Weehawken as at Monte Carlo, and if you go broke the gentleman who runs the game will furnish you with the necessary nickel to bring you back to New York.

The name of this kindly disposed person is said to be McDonough. Nobody knows for sure, but there are some fifty employees around the Hoffman House who answer "McDonough" to all questions tending to bring forth the identity of their employer. If you say, "Who is McDonough and where does he hail from?" these employees shrug their shoulders and look at you with expressions of hopeless imbecility.

McDonough is a florid, corpulent person, with keen, alert little eyes. He wears a couple of pounds of seals on the end of his watch chain. His ruminant reminds one of a hand crash in a Wagnerian masterpiece.

THE KING'S REVENUE.

Mr. McDonough is King of Weehawken. His is the proud title by reason of the fact that he "runs the only game in town." His game is faro, principally, but if you weary of that he can serve you with chuck-nuc, roulette, rouge-et-noir and wheel of fortune. If you care for none of these you can play the races at New Orleans and St. Louis in another building close by. They say that Mr. McDonough clears \$1,000 or more per day from the game. He is a very heavy man, it is considered that from 3,000 to 4,000 New Yorkers pay him tribute every day.

The King's palace is a plain, unpainted wooden building, one story high. The interior is unattractive. Mr. McDonough has no eye for decorative art, so he has left the rough boards of the walls and the ceiling rafters bare. They aspire not to gas and electricity in Weehawken, so the King illuminates his palace with kerosene lamps suspended from the rafters. His subjects do not seem to mind the lack of elegance. It is "the play" they want, and Mr. McDonough gives them all they want of that. Let a man but "hit the horses right," and he can get quick action for his winnings at a wheel of fortune in a corner of the betting room. If he does not win, he can go with greenbacks in his pocket a person with leather lungs at the door informs him that "the clubroom is right up there, sir. The next boat goes in a few minutes. In the meantime, go up and try your luck at any game you like."

AT THE KING'S COURT.

The visitors take the advice of Leather Lungs by hundreds. They crowd into the "clubroom" until it is next to impossible for one to push through the throng. They contaminate the air with the odor of poor tobacco, and the light from the kerosene lamps makes heroic but only partly successful efforts to penetrate through the cloud of smoke. He who succeeds in getting close enough to any of the gambling tables to put his money down is indeed a lucky man—the envy of his fellows.

A player leaves his place, and a dozen others fight like wolves to secure it. Hundreds of others stand for hours in the hope of getting a chance to make a few bets. Mr. McDonough will have to enlarge his place and put more gambling tables if he hopes to accommodate all his patrons.

On Washington's Birthday a visitor secured a position from which he commanded a view of nearly all of the tables. It was a holiday, and a large crowd was present that is usual. It was Saturday, the day of the masses, and everybody had more or less money. All sorts and conditions of men jostled each other about the room. Old sports had seats at the tables. They won and lost their money with no more show of interest than so many machines would have displayed. The faces of the players quivered even when the dealers raked in their last chips and they arose "dirt broke."

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS.

Solid business men were there celebrating their holiday by enjoying a few of those thrills of excitement that brought back memories of the wild oats period of their lives. Young fellows with the \$10 or \$15 they earned last week in their pockets were trying to pull out enough at a few lucky turns to pay for their spring suits of clothes. Men with systems abounded everywhere, but somehow they could not seem to understand how it was that the schemes they had concocted to break the bank, and that worked so beautifully on paper, failed utterly when put to the practical test.

The visitor saw a young chap on the outskirts of the crowd at one of the faro tables clutching \$25 not in his hand and waiting eagerly for a chance to squeeze through the crowd and get action for his money. At last he got close enough. The animated mountain of flesh that occupied the lookout's chair exchanged a stack of chips for the \$25 note in short order. The chips didn't last as long as a May frost. As the last white chip was raked in by the dealer the young fellow said:

"I went in on a shoestring, hoping to come out with a fanny. McDonough's got to yield up a nickel, then I'll have a few on the river, and I'm subject to colds."

MCDONOUGH'S WILL LAW.

This philosopher's place was taken by a man with seedy clothes, who was said to be a Barker for a Baxter street clothing merchant. In a few minutes he was "swamped," as Mr. McDonough might have said. He made a terrible row about it. He plunged wildly through the crowd, scattering men in all directions and shrieking: "I've been robbed! Where's the police? They've robbed me!"

Then Mr. McDonough became in evidence. He asked the "barker" by the shoulders and hustled him off to a secluded corner outside.

"What do yer mean by raisin' dis muss?" demanded the king.

"I been robbed of all my money," wailed the "barker."

"Yer ain't been skinned; yer lost yer don't come back, see?"

"But close yer face an' I'll make good. How much did yer drop?" asked Mr. McDonough.

"Fifty dollars," was the reply in an unconvinced tone.

"Yer cut," scornfully remarked Mr. McDonough. "Yer gits two bonus, see. An' den yer gits out er Weehawken, and yer don't come back, see?"

The "barker" took the money and went. In at least one thing Mr. McDonough was right. The "barker" had lost \$25 and in the way to "make good" when he catches what he calls "a squealer." Otherwise his game might achieve unpleasant notoriety.

NOT BAD AT HEART.

Mr. McDonough is really not such a very bad person at heart, as the result of an incident that occurred on Saturday will show.

A young fellow who appeared to have money to ignite was plunging at the roulette table. He played \$18 every turn of the wheel by placing \$1 on each number from one to eighteen.

Luck was against him, for the little ball dropped into an eighteen to thirty-six pocket a great deal oftener than in the one to eighteen hole. The bank had made a big hole in the player's \$200 when Mr. McDonough tapped him on the shoulder and drew him aside.

"Young fellow," quoth the king, "a mug out here tells me dat der was yer blowin' in is all yer got to get married on, and not der wedding comes er next week. Now take my tip, and put on yer skates and slip outta here. Yer can't beat dat game at home. I'll stand fer half yer loss, see?"

Thereupon Mr. McDonough gave the young man a roll of bills, and pointed to the boat that was just about to start for New York. It was a hint the young chap accepted with alacrity.

"Don't no other interfere with this place," an old timer was asked.

"No," he replied.

"How long has it been running?"

"On and on for two years. It has been open steadily for the last three months."

CRANFORD'S ARTIST THIEF.

Police Looking for the Fellow Who Stole from the Art House.

Elizabeth, Feb. 23.—The police of this city are busy to-day trying to trace the artist who so successfully robbed the house of Mrs. C. L. A. by Cranford, near here, last evening. They think he was a professional second-story thief from New York.

Mrs. A. by is the widow of C. L. A. by, who at one time was a large wholesale jeweler in Malden lane, New York. Both she and her daughter Marguerite had several watches and many diamond rings and ornaments which Mr. A. by had presented them.

Mrs. A. by keeps up a large establishment and assist in meeting expenses a few boarders. One of these, a Mr. Boniface, also lost a watch and jewelry. The theft occurred while the family were at dinner about 7 o'clock. The jewelry stolen amounted to about \$1,500 in value. Mrs. A. by suspects a young man who had come to engage board with her a short time ago.

skirts of the crowd at one of the faro tables clutching \$25 not in his hand and waiting eagerly for a chance to squeeze through the crowd and get action for his money. At last he got close enough. The animated mountain of flesh that occupied the lookout's chair exchanged a stack of chips for the \$25 note in short order. The chips didn't last as long as a May frost. As the last white chip was raked in by the dealer the young fellow said:

"I went in on a shoestring, hoping to come out with a fanny. McDonough's got to yield up a nickel, then I'll have a few on the river, and I'm subject to colds."

MCDONOUGH'S WILL LAW.

This philosopher's place was taken by a man with seedy clothes, who was said to be a Barker for a Baxter street clothing merchant. In a few minutes he was "swamped," as Mr. McDonough might have said. He made a terrible row about it. He plunged wildly through the crowd, scattering men in all directions and shrieking: "I've been robbed! Where's the police? They've robbed me!"

Then Mr. McDonough became in evidence. He asked the "barker" by the shoulders and hustled him off to a secluded corner outside.

"What do yer mean by raisin' dis muss?" demanded the king.

"I been robbed of all my money," wailed the "barker."

"Yer ain't been skinned; yer lost yer don't come back, see?"

"But close yer face an' I'll make good. How much did yer drop?" asked Mr. McDonough.

"Fifty dollars," was the reply in an unconvinced tone.

"Yer cut," scornfully remarked Mr. McDonough. "Yer gits two bonus, see. An' den yer gits out er Weehawken, and yer don't come back, see?"

The "barker" took the money and went. In at least one thing Mr. McDonough was right. The "barker" had lost \$25 and in the way to "make good" when he catches what he calls "a squealer." Otherwise his game might achieve unpleasant notoriety.

NOT BAD AT HEART.

Mr. McDonough is really not such a very bad person at heart, as the result of an incident that occurred on Saturday will show.

A young fellow who appeared to have money to ignite was plunging at the roulette table. He played \$18 every turn of the wheel by placing \$1 on each number from one to eighteen.

Luck was against him, for the little ball dropped into an eighteen to thirty-six pocket a great deal oftener than in the one to eighteen hole. The bank had made a big hole in the player's \$200 when Mr. McDonough tapped him on the shoulder and drew him aside.

"Young fellow," quoth the king, "a mug out here tells me dat der was yer blowin' in is all yer got to get married on, and not der wedding comes er next week. Now take my tip, and put on yer skates and slip outta here. Yer can't beat dat game at home. I'll stand fer half yer loss, see?"

Thereupon Mr. McDonough gave the young man a roll of bills, and pointed to the boat that was just about to start for New York. It was a hint the young chap accepted with alacrity.

"Don't no other interfere with this place," an old timer was asked.

"No," he replied.

"How long has it been running?"

"On and on for two years. It has been open steadily for the last three months."

CRANFORD'S ARTIST THIEF.

Police Looking for the Fellow Who Stole from the Art House.

Elizabeth, Feb. 23.—The police of this city are busy to-day trying to trace the artist who so successfully robbed the house of Mrs. C. L. A. by Cranford, near here, last evening. They think he was a professional second-story thief from New York.

Mrs. A. by is the widow of C. L. A. by, who at one time was a large wholesale jeweler in Malden lane, New York. Both she and her daughter Marguerite had several watches and many diamond rings and ornaments which Mr. A. by had presented them.

Mrs. A. by keeps up a large establishment and assist in meeting expenses a few boarders. One of these, a Mr. Boniface, also lost a watch and jewelry. The theft occurred while the family were at dinner about 7 o'clock. The jewelry stolen amounted to about \$1,500 in value. Mrs. A. by suspects a young man who had come to engage board with her a short time ago.

ST. PETER'S ACTORS REHEARSE.

Father Harlin Drilling Them in the Characters of "A Celebrated Case."

The young men of St. Peter's Sodality Lyceum, Jersey City, and the young ladies who will assist them in the production of "A Celebrated Case," are rehearsing their parts under the direction of the Rev. Father Harlin. The young people intend to make this one of the best entertainments ever produced by the Lyceum. No date has as yet been fixed, but it will not be later than Easter week.

Father Harlin is very thorough in his drilling, and will not allow the play to be staged until all know their lines and stage business perfectly. The proceeds of the play will be added to the fund for the new clubhouse which will shortly be erected for the Catholic young men of the city.

INSANE MARINO DEAD.

Elizabeth, Feb. 23.—On Friday Sabina Mariano was taken to the Alexian Brothers' Hospital for treatment. That night he became violently insane and yesterday morning, while he was being taken to jail for confinement to the General Hospital, where he died last night from apoplexy.

To Adjust International Broils.

Montclair, N. J., Feb. 23.—A meeting in the interest of arbitration as a method of adjusting international differences was held in the First Presbyterian Church this afternoon. The services were held under the auspices of the churches, and were very largely attended.

Death of Captain John F. Bauer.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 23.—Captain John F. Bauer, a native of Baden, Germany, who was obliged to flee to this country to participate in the revolution of 1848-49, died yesterday at his home, No. 21 Summit street. He was seventy-one years old. He was a veteran of the late war, a prominent G. A. R. man, and a member of the German Patriots of New York City. His funeral will take place Tuesday afternoon.

He is an Alsatian, coming to this country with a baby in arms, in 1845, in time to see New York by fire.

The Singer Sewing Machine manufactory started in Elizabeth, he was one of the first persons employed there, and remained with the concern till Postmaster Mr. Sheridan continued him in the world.

Mr. Viehl lives at No. 230 Livingston street, Elizabeth, and has a charming family. He begins his day at the Post Office at 7 in the morning, and does not leave the window even for meals, until 7 at night. This severe strain has not rendered him the soured individual one would expect to see after seven years of it, for he always has a kindly word for all. The city of Elizabeth has 20,000 population and the number of letters he delivers and the amount of stamps he sells is necessarily very large.

Chicken Thieves at Bloomfield.

Bloomfield, Feb. 23.—Chicken thieves once again made the farmers on the outskirts of the town last night, and made a big haul. The farmers were very much agitated recently by the finding of a lot of feathers in the woods one mile away, and they believe that the chicken thieves are hungry thugs.

A Kindly Hint to Wrenmaker.

[Washington Post.]

With Quay in the White House there would be one more Senatorial vacancy for Pennsylvania to fill. It is a pity that Mr. Wrenmaker will take this fact into consideration.

Cast-Duravere.

[Detroit Tribune.]

Will not some of our esteemed contemporaries relieve the strain by remarking that one of them isn't Duravere, while the other is still Cast?

Peter's Preferences.

[Washington Post.]

It is barely possible that Peter Maher preferred to personally supervised the work of closing his own eyes.

HOUSE OF DEATH AFIRE.

Flames Threatened the Entire Building, but Friends Stood Ready to Save the Coffin.

Orange, N. J., Feb. 23.—Fire broke out in the house of Henry Fiedler, on Fairview avenue, this place, at 6:20 o'clock this morning, from an overheated furnace pipe. The family were asleep at the time, and in the front parlor lay the body of Mrs. Fiedler, who died Friday.

The family were awakened by the smoke, and great excitement prevailed. Neighbors were aroused and an alarm was sent in, while others fought the flames, which were raging between the walls on the second floor. Other neighbors guarded the corpse, which lay in the coffin. They were about to remove the body from the house, when Chief of the Fire Department Thomas Hodgkinson arrived and informed the family there was no immediate danger.

After an hour's work the flames were extinguished. The damage to the house was about \$300. Mrs. Fiedler was buried this afternoon.

BURGLARS IN PASSAIC.

The Largest Grocery Store in the City Entered and the Safe Robbed—Blue-coat Deaf to Explosion.

Passaic, N. J., Feb. 23.—The grocery store of Frank Swan, the largest in the city, was entered by burglars some time between 11 o'clock last night and 10 o'clock this morning.

The safe was blown open and \$100 taken from it. A new overcoat, which was hanging in the office, was also taken. It is not known whether any of the stock of the store was disturbed by the burglars, but Mr. Swan thinks not. Entrance was effected through a rear door, which was forced open.

There was a policeman on duty on the block, but he heard nothing of the breaking or the explosion which wrecked the safe. There is no clue to the robbers. The burglary was discovered by the proprietor when he went to the store at 10 o'clock this morning.

AGAINST THE TROLLEY.

A Delegation of Montclair Citizens Will Go to Trenton and Oppose the Threatened Invasion.

Montclair, Feb. 23.—A big delegation of citizens opposed to the introduction of the trolley in this town will go to the capital tomorrow night to oppose the bill which is intended to take the trolley question out of the hands of the Town Council and allow the traction company to ride rough-shod over the town.

The bill has been framed and gives the sole control and franchise granting power, as far as county roads are concerned, to the Board of Freeholders and takes it out of the local authorities' hands.

Montclair people maintain that they are able to look after their own affairs in this matter and will make a bitter fight to prevent the bill becoming a law.

JOHN CHINAMAN "AT HOME."

John Jim, of Harrison, N. J., Receives the Caucasian Citizens.

One of the most noted Chinamen in New Jersey, John Jim, of No. 307 Harrison avenue, Harrison, yesterday entertained a number of the citizens of that town, Kearny and Newark at a Chinese banquet in honor of the Chinese New Year's Day.

The banquet was held in John Jim's place of business, and was a surprise to all his guests. Joss sticks and incense burners were burned in profusion, and the atmosphere was redolent of odors from Mongolian cookery. A number of Celestials, clad in gorgeous holiday attire, helped John Jim entertain his guests and reduce the visible supply of rice brandy.

RIDE THIEF CAME TO GRIEF.

Jersey City Boy Badly Hurt by Being Thrown from a Trolley Car.

Nine-year-old John Graft, of No. 51 Nelson avenue, Jersey City, was stealing a ride on motor car No. 350, of the Court House line yesterday afternoon when at Slip avenue and Enos place the car gave a sudden lurch and John was thrown into the gutter.

He was badly injured about the left side of the head and after being attended by Dr. Putnam was taken to the City Hospital.

"Billy the Bootblack" in Trouble.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 23.—Patrick Hennessy, who makes his home in a Commerce street lodging house, is at the City Hospital suffering from a severe scalp wound, inflicted with a glass thrown by William Carroll, a half-demented young man known as "Billy the Bootblack." The latter is locked up at Police Headquarters, awaiting the result of Hennessy's injuries. The assault was the outcome of a row in a Commerce street saloon last night.

Death of Captain John F. Bauer.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 23.—Captain John F. Bauer, a native of Baden, Germany, who was obliged to flee to this country to participate in the revolution of 1848-49, died yesterday at his home, No. 21 Summit street. He was seventy-one years old. He was a veteran of the late war, a prominent G. A. R. man, and a member of the German Patriots of New York City. His funeral will take place Tuesday afternoon.

He is an Alsatian, coming to this country with a baby in arms, in 1845, in time to see New York by fire.

The Singer Sewing Machine manufactory started in Elizabeth, he was one of the first persons employed there, and remained with the concern till Postmaster Mr. Sheridan continued him in the world.

Mr. Viehl lives at No. 230 Livingston street, Elizabeth, and has a charming family. He begins his day at the Post Office at 7 in the morning, and does not leave the window even for meals, until 7 at night. This severe strain has not rendered him the soured individual one would expect to see after seven years of it, for he always has a kindly word for all. The city of Elizabeth has 20,000 population and the number of letters he delivers and the amount of stamps he sells is necessarily very large.

Chicken Thieves at Bloomfield.

Bloomfield, Feb. 23.—Chicken thieves once again made the farmers on the outskirts of the town last night, and made a big haul. The farmers were very much agitated recently by the finding of a lot of feathers in the woods one mile away, and they believe that the chicken thieves are hungry thugs.

A Kindly Hint to Wrenmaker.

[Washington Post.]

With Quay in the White House there would be one more Senatorial vacancy for Pennsylvania to fill. It is a pity that Mr. Wrenmaker will take this fact into consideration.

Cast-Duravere.

[Detroit Tribune.]

Will not some of our esteemed contemporaries relieve the strain by remarking that one of them isn't Duravere, while the other is still Cast?

Peter's Preferences.

[Washington Post.]

It is barely possible that Peter Maher preferred to personally supervised the work of closing his own eyes.

WANTED ONLY ONE FLAG.

Discord at a Patriotic Celebration in Perth Amboy Over the Danish Emblem.

A Society of Americans Withdraw from the Parade Rather Than March with Foreign Colors.

INDIGNATION MEETING AFTERWARD.

Middlesex Council, Junior Order United American Mechanics, in the Parade When the Bolt Occurred, but Did Not Follow.

Perth Amboy, N. J., Feb. 23.—The flag of Denmark made fifty Americans refuse to parade yesterday in Perth Amboy. It was the occasion of the presentation of a statue of Washington to the city by the citizens of Scandinavian birth or ancestry. All of the organizations and societies in town were invited.

Many of them attended, among them the Patriotic Order of Sons of America, more than fifty strong. John W. Tyrrell was marshal of the day. He rides a horse well, despite the fact that he lost one leg on the field in the civil war.

The P. O. S. of A., as the order is known, was assigned to a place near the head of the procession. They lined up and waited for the parade to start. While standing there, the ardent patriots espied a number of Danish flags in the second section of the parade, where the Scandinavians societies were located. Then there was trouble.

James M. Glenn, John C. Brown and John Dingler stood in the marshal's line.

"Are you going to let those dogs stay in the parade?" demanded Glenn. Glenn swung about his pole and said: "The Stars and Stripes lead off, and every man with a Danish flag has another alongside of him carrying the Red, White and Blue. I guess that is all we can ask."

"Well, we won't turn out with any foreign flags," retorted Patriot Glenn.

"You can do as you please. This is no time or place to argue. Get ready or get out of the line."

They got out of the line. Glenn's order was: "Come on, boys, we stand for one flag."

A drum corps escorted the crowd to the lodge headquarters and it there disbanded.

A night Glenn presided at a public meeting held to commemorate the organization of the local branch of the order in this city two years ago. He mentioned the occurrence of the afternoon, and said that the order had been told that there would be no foreign flags allowed in the line.

"We patriots demand one country, and that America; one flag, and that the American; one language, and that the American."

The audience gave him round after round of applause, and when it quieted one man asked Glenn why he did not speak the American tongue. "The point was lost on the patriotic assembly."

Middlesex Council, No. 1, Junior Order United American Mechanics, was in the parade when the P. O. S. of A. bolted. East Officer W. of this city, a prominent lawyer and Democrat, stated publicly that John W. Griggs, who was elected Republican Governor, was in favor of erecting tracks in the State again and if the Republicans carried the State race tracks would again flourish here. This Dr. Kempshall says will be proven to the voters unless the anti-race track amendments are passed by the present Legislature. He admits that Senator Foster M. Voorhees, of Elizabeth, is doing all he can for the league, but that his colleagues are not. The doctor was very emphatic during the interview in his denunciation of this dilatory policy.

FIREMEN HURT IN ELIZABETH.

Two Horse Carts Overturned Simultaneously at Different Points.

Elizabeth, Feb. 23.—By the overturning of a lamp in the tenement house on Pine street, owned by Simon Mack, two firemen nearly lost their lives at midnight Saturday. The horse carts belonging to Engines Nos. 4 and 5, near the fire, were driven by George Kolbe and Otto Burkley. They were not the regular drivers, but specialists. They drove rapidly and each cart overturned at the same instant, though they were a block apart.

Kolbe was the most seriously injured, and was removed to his home, No. 145 Elizabeth avenue, where Dr. Victor Mervin attended him. Otto Burkley was stunned and was removed to the hospital in an ambulance. He was not seriously injured, and was to-day sent to his home, on Second street. John Marjole, a man with but one leg, was riding the fire on No. 4 cart, and he, too, was badly bruised, and his remaining leg rendered temporarily useless. The fire did only slight damage.

A. P. A. TALK FROM PETERS.

The New York Pastor Addresses a Large Audience in Newark.

Newark, N. J., Feb. 23.—There was a big crowd in Minter's Theatre, in this city, this afternoon to hear Rev. Madison C. Peters, of New York, deliver an A. P. A. address.